URBANA UNION.

Urbana Union

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WEDNESDAY.

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音楽 第二章 プロジラディ

I. Obituaries, to insure their insertion, should be

II. We have made it a rule not to sell single copof the Unhana Union. Parties wishing to read this

r must subscribe for it. III. Parties wishing to have illustrated adv ments inserted in the Unnana Union must pay two prices for the space occupied by the wood cuts IV. Where the parties are responsible, we will not

v. No communication will be inserted unless the same of a responsible person in given to the pubtion has expired, unless notified. name of a responsible person be given to the publisher. Manuscriptsent to this office are to be consid-

ed, except at publisher's option. VI. We aim to make the Unnana Union a medium of notable events transpiring in all parts of the County, and to that end would thank our relends in Clark, Pastor, Services every Salbath. House: H

the different townships to forward to us any items that may be offinierest in their neighborhoods. Scale Prayer Meeting, Wellington evening, Tobilogic in facts, in brief, if you cloude, and we will "dread them up" for publication. VII. We have been informed that it is understood.

by the public that the Unmaya Uxion does not admit communications from correspondents. We there fore say that the admission of communications depends upon the nature of them. We will insert communications which are abort, pointed, saley, and Sabbatt School stap, m. by the public that the Unnava Union does not adions which are short, pointed, spicy, and receive each. We do not admit articles of a merely record nature, and particularly when they relate to the which have seen an appeared in this paper.

Assert the Kreentagus Chemon.—West Market to their which have seen appeared in this paper.

Sales for Kreentagus Chemon.—West Market to the form of the form o matters which have not appeare I in this super.

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Recular Prayer Meeting, Wednesday evening, at 7.

Hisher, Minnescriptsent to this office are to be considered the property of the publisher, and not Habie to Church building, opposite Market Hease.

usual to the public, and shall at all times be glad to

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TIME TABLES.

These tables are given for the benefit of our readers, with the date of the last corrections as farnished by the Rail

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Corrected May 15, 1971 Passing South. Mail and Express, daily, except Sunday Night Sapress, daily, except Mondays, 1 Bellefondation Accommodation Night Express goes Sauth Sunday Instead of

Passing Nouri Cleveland Mail No. 6.: Fitsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis R'y (PAN-HANDLE ROUTE)

GOING WEST: No. 12, Way Preigh 1200 M. THAM DOUGHT. Vo. I, Past Line 2001 A. M., stope at R. E. Cros-No 7, Express ... Lift A. M., stops at all stations. No. 9, Express ... Till A. M., stops at all stations. No. 11, Way Project 2210 P. M.

The Pitts, & N. York Express runs darly, all other ERIE RAILWAY. brieghed May 15, 1871. DOLLIG WEST,

He has Stind up three b ECMEAN Rooms, and a properties to verve up this delicase at all proper sea CHING EAST. URBANA, OHIO, S. Way Fielgst Accommodation (11.29 A. M. 138-14 \$30" All arders for Parties, Supports, &c., recers

DIRECTORY.

JOHN R JAMES. HENRY T. MILES. JOHN B. JAMES, JE. JAMES, NILES, & JAMES attoraets & coursellers at lab CRBANA. O.

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AND DEMAND IN dr. dr. dr. No. 22 North Main Street.

Ibr. II. J. Sharp. Has removed his office to name ove K. ROBERTS & CO'S SHOE STORE, Where he has permonently established his office of

Medicine and Surgery, DISEASES OF THE EYE. * PFRUE. The entrance is through the nall, one nor North of the Shore Store.

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Will practice in Computer and officialing countly

Will give attention to the collection of claims influencialits, and repetially to the collection of dicts. Pay, fluenty and Pendon Money. Will dea Xotary basiness. JEFECK, - On second floor of Konfurm & Nelson's Sanding Public Square. Apr. 58, 1965, 17

DR. R. C. HUNTER. (FORWEILLY OF SUPPALO, N. Y.)

HAS located purrocally at Urbana for the pur-Old or Chronic Diseases. He does not which to be called out in had weather, ranging; but will attend to an office practice, and all on patients who camput call at the office, it deresi His office is on Scioto Street, first door west of the Successful Greeney, up states, first door to the right Or at Mrs. Confere on Sciota Street, 444 if. DR. R. C. HUNTER.

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Poetry

URBANA, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1871.

Cleopatra.

Henr, Chairmian, take my bracelets. They bar with a purple stain My arms; turn over my pillows -They are hot where I have lain. Open the lattlee wider, A gauge on my bosom throw And let me inhale the odors Tant over the garden blow.

I dreamed I was with my Antony. And in his arms I by, Alternet the vision has vanished its music has died away. The flame and the perfume have perished. As this spiced aromatic pastifle, That wound the blue smoke of its odor, Is now but an ashy bill.

Scatter upon me rose-leaves, They cool me after my sleep. And with sandal odors fan me Till into my veins they ensep; Reach down the flute, and play me A melancioly tune, To rhyme with the dream that has vanished And the simmbering afternyon.

There, drow-ing in golden smilight, Loiters the slow, smooth Nile Through slender papyri, that cover The sleeping crocodite. The Lotus folls on the water -And opens its heart of gold, And over its broad leaf payement Never a ripple is rolled. The twillight breeze is too lazy These feathery palms to wave, And you little cloud is as motionless As a stone above a grave.

Alt me! this lifeless nature Oppresses my heart and brain? Oh! for a storm and thunder, For lightning and wild, flerce rain! Fling down that lute; I hate if! Take rather his buckler and sword. And crash them and clash them together Till this sleeping world is stirred.

Hark to my Indian Beauty-My cockatoo, creamy white, With roses under his feathers-That flashes across the light. Look! Usten! as backward and forward To his hoop of gold he clings, How he trembles, with crest uplifted And shricks as he madly swings ! 15, cockatoo, shrick for Antony; Cry Come, my love, come home? Shrick 'Antony, Antony, Antony,' Till be hears you even in Rome.

There, leave me, and take from my chamber That wretched little gazelle With its bright, black eyes so meaningless Not its stilly tinkling belt? Take him-my nerves he vexes, The thing without blood or brain-Or, by the body of Isla, I'll scap his thin neck in twate?

heave me to goze at the landscape Mistily stretching away. When the afternoon's opaline tremop Ger the mountains quivering play; Till the flereer splendor of squiset Pours from the west its fire. And, melted as in a crucible, Their earthly forms expire: And the hald blear skull of the desert With glowing mountains is prowned, That, burning like molten jewels, Circle its temples round.

I will lie and dream of the past time .Eons of thought away, And through the jungles of memory Loosen my fancy to play, When a smooth and velvety tiger, Ribbed will yellow and black, Supple and cushioned-footed I wandered, where never the track Of a human creature had rustled The silence of mighty woods, And, Berce in a tyraunous freedom, I knew but the law of my moods,

The elephant, trumpeting, started, When he heard my footsteps near, And the spotted giraffes fled wildly In a yellow cloud of fear. I sucked in the mouthle splendors Quivering along the glade, Or yawning, panting and dreaming, Basked in the tanuarisk shade, Till I heard my wild mate rearing, As the singlows of night came on To broad in the trees' thick branches, And the shadows of sleep were gone,

Then I roused, and roaved in answer, And unsheathed from my cushioned feet My curving claws, and stretched me, And wandered my mate to greet. We toyed in the amber twillgld From the warm that sand, And struck as each other our massive are How powerful he was and grand ! His yellow eyes flashed flereely As be eranched and gazed at me, And his quivering tail, like a serpent, Twitched, enrying nervousir, Then, like a storm he seized me. With a wild, triumphant cry, And we met, like two clouds in Heaven, When the Humders before them fly. We grappled and struggled together, For his love, like his rage, was rude; And his teeth in the swelling folds of my neck At times, in our play, drew blood,

Official amother surface For I was flexile and tair -Fought for my in the moonlight, Write I hav economing there. Till his blood was drained by the desert: And raffled with friumph and power. He licked are and lay beside me, To been the him a vast half hour, Then down to the fountain, we lottered

Where the antelopes came to drink; Like a bolt we sprang upon them. Ere they had time to shrink: We drank their blood and crushed them. And tore there himb from limb, And the hungriest lion doubted

Ere he disputed with him. That was a life to live for! Not this weak human life, With its frivolous, bloodless passion Its poor and petry strife! Come to my arms, my Hero, The shadows of (willight grow. And the tiger's ancient flerceness In my veins begin to flow. Come not eringing to sue me! Take the with triumph and power As a warrior that storms a fortress; I will not shrink or cower. Come as you came in the desert Ere we were women and men, When the tiger passions were in us,

And love as you loved me then. Romance. The Lust Appeal-Is not this a fair prospect that lies be- cottage roof, we gathered around, each ate Roger Williams." fore me? Do I not look from my lofty with a story to tell or a question to ask. windows over miles and miles of green fields and rounded hills? Do not the a mile away a row of green hillocks tells far-off mountains lift their white tops the place where they lie. I grew to wosheer into the blue heaven, while the manhood the pet of the household-loved purple mists roll down their slopes like for my childish beauty in childhood, the waves of some amethystine sea? and later, when it had ripened into rich There winds the river yonder, like a maturity, admired for its posession, as silver ribbon uncoiled; it bends round about the bases of the swelling hills, and I be otherwise than proud of my charms? the murmur of its splashing waters plays between the bird-songs that break upon ble home I lived until Arthur De Cour- Mrs. Sanders, with her two sons, took the sunny air. It is spring now, is it cy, the young heir of the manor, came the dinner of her husband to him, leavnot? The orehard trees are snow-white, from the university. He was a gay, ing the little girl at home. and the next wind sweeping the domes dashing youth, reckless as young men After taking the dinner Mrs. Sanders of bloom brings hither to one the sweet usually are, but much admired by his ring the afternoon of Sunday, sending fragrance it has stolen from them. Can tenantry, as the heir of a lordly house is one of the boys back home to remain you see the garden far down there? Do apt to be. In truth, they were not with their sister, and leaving the other you mark the crimson tulips, the milky without excuse for their love. His gal- with his father. On arriving at home lilac cones, the bending lily bells? And, lant manners, his fine person and good the little boy missed his sister, but suplilac cones, the bending lily bells? And, that manners, his one person and good posing she had gone to a neighbor's look, do you see a path leading away natured affability might have turned the house near by, thought no more of it. through those beds of vivid blossoms, heads of wiser people than the simple When the parents returned in the evenpast the azalias, by the fir-trees, into a farmers of Lockwood. To men, who ing they became alarmed for their daugh dense thicket? Then the arching had only read and dreamed of knightly ter, and sent to the neighbors, but could boughs twine together, and the honey-suckle climbs over with its long tendrils of all that was most noble and winning. and wreaths them in verdure and bloom. From far and near the peasantry gath- night. Now look closely, and you shall see a ered to celebrate his arrival, for the About daylight in the morning the bowhite shrouded figure kneeling there, estate of De Courcy extended over miles dy of the girl was found about two hunwith clasped hands, uplifted eyes, and of country. Bent old men hobbled out dred yards from her home. Her throat

sight of it—that ghastly figure is my casion. life's bane. That is why I cannot look I could not put on rich dresses-I had should have a fair trial. The next day at the fair scene that lies before my winnothing but my own natural graces—so the was taken before a Magistrate, and the proof of his guilt was overwhelming. dow. Do I lift my eyes to the mist. I wound a wreath of wild flowers about About five o'clock in the evening veiled hills, she floats above them. Do my hat, and heightened the bloom of Court adjourned over to the next day, I seek to rest my weary brain by the my cheek by a garland of glowing carna- and the sheriff started to the jail with his undulating seas of green, where the sun. It was a glorious festive scene prisoner. As he did so, a crowd of 200 shine and shadows come and go, always that greeted the young heir's eyes. All persons white and black, rushed forward she is there, dimming their brightness, over the green sward of the park groups ried him to the spot where the deed was and gleaming whitely from the soft-fall- in gay dresses passed to and fro, ban- committed, and there hung him to a ing shadows. Would I follow the river ners streamed in the wind, peals of tree. The people generally regret the in its windings, her white robe flashes music resounded through the arches of necessity for the act, but all join in sayfrom its waves. Only a form-wreath, the long avenues, and over all shone ing that it was just. you say? Ah, you do not know! Pray the sun of midsummer. The great ane-God you may never be spectre-haunted. nue which bisected the park was lined I draw thick cuatains about my win- with the people, and bands of maidens, THE New York riots have had an undows; I suffocate in gloom; cool fra- of whom I was proud to be one, scatter- questionably good effect. They have grant air comes not to soothe me. How ed flowers where his horse's hoofs should called forth from the best and ablest thick these curtains are! Pass over tread, the soft folds-velvet are they, thick, and black, and heavy-black like the pall which covered her when they hid Ninety years afters his death, in 1771, it would not secure the sanction of the her away from my sight. And yet, steps were taken to erect some suitable Catholic church receives abundant conwould you believe it, they do not shut monument, but the storms of the Revo- firmation from the tone of our Roman her out! else, why should her presence lution came on, and the work was for- Catholic exchanges. Indeed, if we misevermore haunt me? For, look you, been agitated anew, and Williams may organs which justifies or even apologizthe doors are massive, oaken, iron-bar- yet at least have some outward signs to es for the riot. Who, for example, could red. She cannot enter them, and yet mark his greatness and petpetuate his ask from any journal a clearer or more even naw her garments rustle in yonder name. During a period of one hundred emphatic recognition of the relations of corner. A beautiful room, is it not-fit and eighty-three years not even a rough church and state, under a republican dwelling-place for the last of the Nor- of the founder of Rhode Island, till the paragraph, which we clip from the manbys? Look at the side-board there; precise locality of his grave had been al- 'Western Catholic,' of Detroit. The examine its rich mouldings, its curious most forgotten, and could only be ascer- italics are ours: carvings; look within its drawers, and tained by the most careful investigation. "A telegram from New York, dated

-all so beautiful. Would you like them fied as that of Mr. Wi liams. blassed season of forgetfulness?

hollows. Sorrow, and sin, and remorse braided hair, that had survived the trated Christian Weekly -[Protestant].

have wrought this work-for I am not great care, not only as an illustration of old, not as you count years, but O, so old a great principle in vegetation, but for in sin and suffering!

WHOLE NUMBER 491

was happy too. Do you know that when left! Not a trace of any thing was one good gift is taken, all others follow It is known to chemistry that all fleen, in swift procession? It is cruel, I think. and gelatinous matter giving consistengirl, as I was when De Courcy found me. the bones of both graves was gone. I was a wild flower-an innocent wild There stood the "guilty apple tree," as flower-nay, do not look so strange, one was said at the time, caught in the very may be crime-stained but once in life act of "robbing the grave." To explain

Where are they all now? Dead. Many A Little Girl Murdered And Outraged By

if it were some merit of my own. Could

To be Continued next week.

Who Ate Roger Williams?

over them. What are they worth to house," it was found that every thing plainly teaches him and all others to be me? Would I not give them all in ex- had passed into ablivion. The shapes law-abiding and peaceable citizens them change for one hour of sweet peace, one black line of carbonaceous matter, the Once I was beautiful; now there are coffins, with their ends distinctly defins to turn out with his regiment; and at the deep lines crossing the brow that once ed. The rusted remains of the hinges command of his officers to shoot down was fair and smooth. Silver threads and nails, with a few fragments of wood every rioter that presented himself, as gleam in my long, black hair; the fire could be gathered from his grave. In of crecy citizen of the United States-be that flamed in these large eyes has gone the grave of his wife there was not a he Catholic or Protestant-to obey the out now, and they are sunken in deep trace of anything save a single lock of the law and preserve the pence."-Ithus.

lapse of more than one hundred and eighty years. Near the grave stood a venerable apple tree, but when and by whom planted is not known.

This tree had sent two of its main roots into the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Williams. The larger root had pushed its way through the earth till it reached the precise spot occupied by the skull of Roger Williams. There, making a turn, as if going around the skull, it followed the direction of the backbone to the hips, Here it divided into two branches, sending one along each leg to the heel, where they both turned upward to the toes. One of these roots formed a slight crook at the knee, which made the whole bear a close resemblance to a human form. This singular root is preserved with its historic association. There were the When I was young and beautiful I graves, emptied of every particle of hu-

Was it my fault that my beauty faded? cy to the bones, are resolved into car-Must I lose love and happiness too? I bouic acid gas, water, and air, while the wish I had remained a humble peasant this case even the phosphate of lime of the phenomenon is not the design of this article. Such an explanation could be I was a poor farmer's daughter. I re- given, and many other similar cases member when my father came home at could be adduced. But this fact must night, toil-worn and faint, that we used be admitted: the organic matter of Rogto meet him with childish talk and ca. er Williams had been transmitted into resses, and ran prattling before him to the apple tree; it had passed into the woodyfiber and was capable of propelling the old well, where the long sweep a steam engine; it had bloomed in the creaked as it swayed up and down, apple blossoms, and had become pleas-Then, when he sat down in the cool ant to the eye; and more, it had gone inshade of the great elm which swept our o the fruit from year to year, so that the question might well be asked, "Who

A Negro-The Negro Lynched.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., August 23 .- On Monday of last week a brutal outrage was committed on the person of a little white girl named Sanders, aged 13 years, near Wittenburg, Cross County, Georgia.

The father of the girl, was absent In the quiet and seclusion of my hum- in the woods splitting rails. At noon

lips that supplicate in vain. Come on crutches to greet him, the hard-hand- knife still sticking in her throat. After away. See, I drop the purtain. You do ed farmers put on their best attire, searching for the fiend, a negro man not see her! Why not? To me she is mothers made themselves and thir chilalways there, always white, wan and dren gay with new gowns and sashes, the deed. A temporary Court was always there, always white, wan and trembling, kneeling always, and be- and not a maiden in the bamlet so poor hearing the evidence, decided to hang seeching always in vain. I shut out the as not to wear a new ribbon on this on the negro. Better council prevailed, however, and it was agreed that he

The Mob.

tinct disavowal of the act, and a very clear and strong recognition of the republican principles which that riot violated. Our first expressed opinion that

there you shall find vessels of gleaming Suffice it to say, however, that the spot Sunday last, says that a young man was found and the exhumation made a named Edward Gaffney, a member of silver, look them over, pile them up- was found and the examination make the Ninth Regiment of militia, commitrich, are they not, and costly ?-but, hume. On scraping off the turf from ted suicide on that day. The cause of listen, you shall have them all, if you the ground, the dim outlines of seven this desperate act, telegraph states, was will but take from me that pale spectre. graves contained within less than one that Gaffney was a devoted Catholic, There are hixurious couches; soft veivet square rod, revealed the burial ground of and the 'conflict between his duty to Roger Williams. In Colonial times each bis regiment and to his religion,' in the cushions; massively-set, silver-rimmed, family had its own burial ground, which | mod of Wednesday, 'so preyed upon his downy carpets, like the young moss in was usually near the family residence. mind that he became demented, and the woods in spring; pictures rare and Three of these seven graves were those cut his throat. This is simple nonsense. quaint; vases lupent as the autumn mist of children, the remaining four were The young man must have been dementadults. The easterly grave was identi- ed long ago if he supposed that there was any conflict between his duty to his to be yours? Time was when I gloated In digging down into the "charnel regiment and his religion. His religion thickness of the edges of the sides of the to his regiment were the same, namely,